

Bottom

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Bottom

by [000000009](#)

Summary

"You can just say he's a bottom, that's fine"

"Why would you say that?"

George finally admits how much he like Dream. Will this go ignored or spark something much more?

Notes

Hello! This was a story I couldn't stop thinking about based on the mentioned quote. I haven't written like this or even wrote at all really, but I hope to make this the best it can be.

Chapter Notes

In this chapter, George comes to terms with his attraction to Dream. Also, on another note, I obviously don't ship real people and this is all just for fun. Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was a chilly morning in London, the start of a longer and colder winter. George woke up and stared at the time on his phone, 9:45 a.m. Finally, he had woken up at a reasonable hour, but with no plans or anything else to do, he snuggled back in the blanket and laid, thinking.

Usually, his mind was clear, he wasn't much of an over-thinker and would just do things when he got the impulse, but this time was different. He thought about how for the past few months, every time he had talked to his friend Dream, he felt something unusual, more than his regular happiness and contentment he usually felt when they would talk. He had been trying desperately to put this feeling away, he knew it was dumb and a false hope that would just leave him hurt more in the end. Recently though, what he had been feeling was undeniable, he liked Dream. He cringed at the thought, wanted so much for it to not be true, but in the end, it was, and he couldn't ignore it any longer.

George pondered all these ideas in his head. He had known Dream for as long as he could remember. He was his best friend and was there for him when things were okay and when they weren't. George was more of a private person, he never talked about those things with his family or even with his friends. Dream knew more about him than he probably knew about himself, and as vocal as he was about his hatred of this, he appreciated it so much. Little inflections in his tone or even eye movements and Dream would be asking what was wrong. That was some of Georges's favorite things about him, his attention to detail, his compassion.

Of course, he had seen Dream. The times when Dream would turn on his camera to show his cat laying on him or some other small thing that brought him obvious joy. He hadn't even done that lately though, and George missed it. He missed getting to see him smile and laugh, feeling the warmth and happiness that would radiate from him. They never talked face to face though, George would always leave when Dream came because he knew he wouldn't be able to keep down the pink appearing on his face from the warmth. He always teased George when he would blush on stream, it would be so much worse if he was the only thing that could be making him feel that.

Streams were sometimes the worst. Dream would always flirt with George, it was an ongoing joke that the audience enjoyed. But what happens when he starts to enjoy it too. George could never return the "I love you" to Dream, not because it wasn't true but because he did, in more than a friendly way. When he had joked that George was just secretly gay and wouldn't say it because of that, it sent a panic through him, hoping that it was actually a joke and Dream hadn't somehow read his mind. Although maybe, if he could, it would be easier, at least he wouldn't have to tell him himself.

When these feelings started, George tried hard to blame them for simply enjoying his presence, he was his friend, after all, it was normal? One of the first ways his want had manifested itself was

through his increased attachment to Dream. It started though insignificant things, like always calling for him when he was scared or about to die in Minecraft. But, over time he didn't want to be away from Dream. He would ask him to stay when he was streaming because him being there put him so much more at ease. But the part that bothered George the most was how much he missed him off-camera. After they would spend hours playing and talking together, they would eventually part, leaving this empty void in himself that wouldn't be filled until the next day when the cycle started again. He could never bring himself to ask him to stay during these times however, it would just be too weird.

Secondly, not only did he want to talk to Dream but when he got to, especially when Dream would speak certain words or phrases, his heart would flutter. He heard his name a lot, it was his actual name, his username, everyone called him by his name, but when Dream did it, it was something different entirely. Dream had a lot of emotion behind his words, whether it was on purpose or not. He had his regular tone, his laughs, his screams, and this low, raspy tone that drove George insane. Mostly it would just be used with "oh come on," but the thing that has never left Georges mind, the word that he can still hear and feel deep within himself, "George." They were just playing, George had drunken an invisibility potion and Dream was trying to find him. If anything else hadn't solidified to him how much he liked Dream, this was it. He just couldn't deny any longer after how he had felt his body react after hearing that simple word escape Dreams lips.

George rolled over and stared up at the ceiling. When would he get the courage to just say it, look at Dream, spit the words out? He could then stop carrying this burden that weighed so heavily on his heart. He could stop constantly having to hide how he's feeling and just let loose. But he knew Dream didn't feel the same, George was his friend, that's all there was to it. He knew Dream cared greatly for him, so he wouldn't get upset or probably even make a fuss of it, but it would be unreciprocated and everything would just be awkward. Something interrupts Georges's thoughts, a vibration from his phone. He unlocked it and looked, a text from Dream.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! I'll update every other day if nothing changes. Feel free to leave any comments or suggestions I really appreciate them!

Chapter Notes

In this chapter, George finally confesses to Dream. Some of the dialogue looks a bit weird for this one, sorry. Hope you enjoy!

"Hey, we're on the SMP! Where are you? Hope you don't sleep through it again :("

Of course, the SMP, how could George have forgotten again. He tried to push away his thoughts as he climbed out of bed and went over to his computer. Normally he would have showered or at least changed first, but he didn't want to be even later and disappoint Dream. He logged on and joined the VC.

"Yes! George is here! Finally!"

George heard Dream's voice and immediately settled back into a place of comfort. He knew he wanted to tell him today, but for now, he could just be there. They did the bit and then George found himself being chased by Dream in full netherite armor. Quackity was the first to comment.

"Okay clearly... Clearly there is a hunter and there is a huntress... right."

"Who's the huntress"

"You are the hunter in this situation you make your friends go through bad times"

"Your like making up like a term, like hunter and huntress"

"Yeah, the hunter and the huntress"

"Okay... hehe... you can just say... you can just say he's a bottom... that's fine"

"Is this true!"

George felt his entire body run warm and a pink cover coat his face. He was now more grateful than anything that his facecam wasn't on. He managed to choke out a quiet

"Why would you say that"

Everything continued to normal after that as if Dream hadn't just aimed an arrow for his heart and shot. He didn't know whether to be embarrassed, angry, or something else. He knew flirting was normal for them, but this felt like something more, something more personal. By now this behavior had been written into the lore, so George shouldn't feel as if Dream was doing it to prove some kind of a point. He was definitely more of a dominant personality than George, he was strong and confident and George was content just following orders and staying in line. But this was Minecraft and not anything more, he knew he must be severely overthinking it. Still, he felt on edge, what if Dream did know, what if George was terrible at hiding how strongly he felt for him. Even so, he wasn't going to let Dream get away with calling him that, SMP or not.

Things went on for a while longer, normally with nothing else significant happening. George kept replaying the scene in his head, examining Dream's tone and trying to come to some sort of conclusion. Eventually, it ended and everyone slowly faded out. George and Dream were the only ones left in the call and a silence hung in the air. Dream was the first to break it.

"I'm glad you showed up, George, just in time to lose."

Dream chuckled and George decided he would interrogate him a bit.

"Why did you call me that earlier?"

George's voice was small, not at all the accusatory tone he was going for.

"Because you are!"

Dream laughed again, teasing George more than he wanted to put up with.

"I'm not..."

George's voice had grown even weaker, he definitely didn't sound like a top. Dream sounded so good right now, his voice and laugh were enough to make George just give up right then.

"George, listen to yourself. I can barely hear you. Guess you're a bottom off-camera as well."

Dream's voice had gotten a bit lower and his words were laced with a soft, teasing tone that George couldn't help but to melt over. His thoughts raced and he wanted nothing more than to just confess everything to Dream. Tell him how pretty he was, how sweet his voice was and much he drove him insane sometimes. He had so much he wanted to say. But the way he felt with Dream was addicting, and if this was a mistake, he couldn't handle having the drug taken away. But at the same time, he couldn't think that far, if only once he could tell Dream how much he liked him and how much he meant to him... and that he loved him... it would be enough. With the noise in his head, he didn't even hear how long the call had gone silent for until he was brought back by a

"George, you there?"

He was there, as much as he wished he wasn't, as much as he wished he hadn't put in this situation. He let out a short breath.

"Dream, what if I were to tell you something, but you didn't like it, would you hate me?"

"No George, I could never hate you, what is it?"

His voice was soft and reassuring yet firm.

"... What if I said I liked you?"

The call fell silent for a few moments. George felt a panic seep up. Had he messed up everything? He felt a lump in his throat but tried his best to shake it away.

"You mean as in... like that way?"

"Yeah"

George realized the impact of what he had just said. He tried one last attempt to just take it back and make this whole situation disappear, to make it all okay again.

"No, no, nevermind, forget it, please."

Why was Dream staying so quiet? Just yell at him and tell him how stupid that was, it would be better than this deafening silence.

"Do you really want me to forget it?"

Dream's voice was quiet, smaller than George had ever heard it before.

"If you want to, yes."

"I don't want to"

"What does that mean, Dream?"

"George, can I see you?"

George froze, that's the last thing he wanted, Dream to see him curled up in his chair about to break any minute. He looked so weak, he felt so weak.

"Yeah"

Chapter Notes

Hello! A bit of an early update since I'm sitting on a lot of this story, too impatient to wait. In this chapter, they're mainly just talking. Sad George warning at the beginning though. Hope you enjoy!

George moved to turn on his camera. He considered taking a minute to pull himself together, but he knew the efforts would be fruitless. He just sat up switching it on. He looked down, trying not to make eye contact, trying not to look as pathetic as he did.

"George, look up at me, please."

Why now Dream, why now. He did as he was told, struggling to look into the webcam knowing how intensely he was probably being watched by him. He hated this vulnerability, for once Dream could see him in all his entirety, everything he was feeling just laid out for the taking, although he didn't have much to hide now as he already knew.

"I think... I feel the same thing, George..."

Georges's heart stopped in his chest. He knew he had to have heard something wrong, took it the wrong way.

"What do you mean... Clay? You can't mean that. Is this going to be some joke, it's not funny?"

"George, it's not a joke, okay. I know it's not funny, you know I wouldn't joke like that. I meant exactly what I said, I'm not good at explaining my own emotions, but I want to hear yours."

George was in shock. His body finally gave up and tears started falling. The months of want, the stress of today, the idea that any of this was actually happening had just become too much. He tried to hide his face but he knew Dream would be able to hear either way. He hated this, why was he reacting like this, he should be happy, not over here sobbing, probably giving Dream every reason to take back what he just said. He had spent months wishing that things would play out like this, that Dream would reciprocate his feelings, maybe they would even be together. Why now of all times did he have to make a mockery of himself.

"George, it's okay, I promise, please don't be sad."

He tried to focus on the Dream's voice. It had always been a comfort to him and even just hearing it made his heart hurt a bit less.

"Clay... can you talk... your voice..."

"Georgie I've always had this weird fondness for you. Like, of course, I care about you and love you more than anything, but a feeling that was more than that. When you would talk, my heart would go soft. You always hated how deeply I knew you, but I couldn't help it. Seeing your smile gave me a feeling I can't get anywhere else."

George had managed to collect himself a bit, and now just listened to Dream. A slight smile

crossed his face thinking that maybe all the times he had felt for Dream, Dream could have been feeling the same things. Maybe this was all okay, maybe it just wasn't some fever dream he would wake up from later wishing more than anything to go back into it. He didn't feel the cold, unforgiving tears anymore, he felt the warmth of Dreams words encompass him, creating the blush he was all too familiar with.

"Cute"

That was enough to send him places he didn't even know he could reach. He buried his face in his hoodie sleeves, hoping Dream could move onto another topic, although he couldn't find his voice to start one. Before he could even ready himself, Dreams webcam switched on.

"Thought it was only fair."

Georges's heart skipped a beat. Dream was looking at him, but it was obvious he was nervous too, his fingers intertwining his hair. His emerald green eyes, a color George wished more than anything to be able to see in its entirety, pierced through him like a sword. His hair, a beautiful golden brown color, longer than his own, looked so soft he longed to run his fingers through it. His hands, wrists adorning a small bracelet, were large and could easily encompass Georges's face. The uppers of his cheeks were tanned, but you could still see the redness that accompanied them. His lips were smaller than his own, but just by looking at them, you could tell how soft they were... how they would feel against his own. He tried to keep his thoughts out of that direction, but all that would play in his head was Dream's hands softly grazing his face and pulling him in for a kiss. He was pulled out of his thoughts once again by a laugh.

"You know you can do something besides staring at me!"

"You're beautiful, I can't help myself."

George felt both of them heating up, Dream trying to hide just how much he was smiling. George felt a small sense of pride and decided to go further.

"You're one to talk Clay, I barely said anything and you're already so red. I don't think you could handle it if I were to tell you all the thoughts I have about you."

"Georgie I know you definitely couldn't. But I think instead of telling you, I want to show you. I want to see you, in person, if that would be okay with you. I know it's really sudden but I guess this whole thing is really sudden too. I want you in my arms so bad I can hardly stand it."

Dream gave him a sweet smile that even if there ever was a doubt in his mind about going, it was erased now. George had no idea what he was getting himself into but was past the point of caring to seek that answer. He just wanted to be with Dream, feeling his big arms around him, burying his head into his chest, smelling Dream, tasting him...

"I want that too."

Chapter Notes

Hello! In this chapter Dream and George finalize plans and do a bit more exploring. As a warning, there is mild sexual themes. Hope you enjoy!

They then went over planning for the visit. He would fly to Dreams and stay for a week. But, as simple as this could have been, George couldn't keep his mind in the right place, a mix between sheer happiness and excitement and worry and dread as he thought about what was to come. In reality, he was terrified, knowing he wouldn't live up to Dreams expectations, in-person especially. He envied Dream as much as he adored him. He was, by all definition perfect. He was attractive, funny, intelligent, sweet, any quality you could look for in a person. He hadn't prepared for how he would feel when presented with this unfolding. He hadn't prepared for how scary this would be, for almost wanting to back out before having to face it head-on.

More than that, he was afraid of how strongly he felt. Sure maybe Dream had a bit of a crush on him, as he had said, but he surely hadn't fallen as deeply as himself. George would try to hold back, but would he be overbearing, did he want too many things too quickly, was he going to make Dream turn against him. They had finished booking the flight and everything was ready, he would leave Monday, it was Friday already, only one weekend until he would be confronted with whatever this did turn out to be. He was still on call with Dream. He looked at him, eyes planted on his computer, focusing on something on the screen. He watched as he scanned, slightly chewing on his lip, head resting on his hand, he had been at this a while. George filled the silence.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing really, just making sure everything is set up."

He felt Dream focus his attention back onto him. Crisis averted but another one on the way.

"I can't wait to see you, Georgie. If you look that good like this I can't wait to see how you'll look in person."

George felt a shy smile creep across his face. He wanted to think about how Dream would look in person, but this wasn't the place.

"It's late, aren't you going to sleep soon?"

"Yeah, I guess it is, I should go, big days ahead. Goodnight George, I love you."

"I love you too Clay."

Finally, he had said it and meant it in all its entirety. The call ended and he was faced with a black screen of his reflection. He looked terrible, his hair was uncombed, and he still had on his hoodie from yesterday, he looked like a complete mess. How had Dream honestly looked at him like this and said any of those things? He stood up, walked to the shower, and got in. The water felt so nice against his skin and his mind started to wander once again. He tried to wash, but rubbing his hands all around his body he couldn't help but imagine it was Dreams instead. He wanted to feel his body

against his, hands on his waist, being pinned against the wall as he took what was rightfully his. George thought of his hands more than he would like to admit. He wanted them around his neck, making him struggle to breathe, holding down his hips forcing him to take it...

This was too far and he knew it. Liking your best friend is one thing, imagining him tearing you apart is another. Still, George couldn't bring himself to ignore it and finished up quickly getting out. He slipped on an old shirt and sweats and went to check his phone. A text from Dream

"Couldn't stop thinking about you ;) You still up?"

"Yeah, thinking about you too, just got out of the shower."

"Mhm... what were you doing in there? ;)"

"Showering, what else would I be doing?"

His breath hitched. How did he always read his thoughts like that? And where did that come from, he couldn't say he didn't like it, but it was a change in tone from earlier, to say the least.

"Where'd you get all the confidence from... so shy earlier."

"It's late enough to make bad decisions now... you going to tell what you were actually up to?"

"Thinking of you, in ways that I probably shouldn't..."

"Yeah, I had my fair share of that too... what did you imagine?"

George knew he couldn't say any of that. He just stared down at his phone, he looked at what was said... that it was Dream who had said it... he definitely wouldn't open this door unless prepared to enter it... right?

"You've been a bit demanding lately, why don't you answer first?"

Every second that Dream took to respond made his need grow stronger. He didn't want to wait, he wanted him there for all of the innocence, and even more now for the not. But what he sent next, George couldn't have ever prepared himself for.

"I couldn't stop thinking about your cute little face and how good it would look between my legs. Your soft hair, and how it would feel between my fingers as I push down your head. Your delicate neck with me shoved inside it. You would just look so pretty like that, wouldn't you agree?"

Dream had not held back. Before George could even compose himself, he called.

"Did you like my message, Georgie"

His voice laced with lust, words spilling out that went straight through George. He was a mess, breaths shaky and uneven. He felt the warmth rising, but this time stemming from somewhere else. All he could manage was a weak

"Fuck you"

Chapter Notes

Hello! Same warnings as the last chapter, except this one is a lot more. I swear it'll get off this road and back to normal soon. Hope you enjoy!

"Hehe, you'd like that."

"Clay you can't just... fuck."

"And why can't I sweetheart, is it too much for you, or did you have something else in mind?"

His voice was low, every word sent shivers down his body. The kind of tone that felt like he was whispering in his ear although he was thousands of miles away. He leaned into it, let it engulf him, let it have its way with him. He was putty in Dream's hands, the way he spoke, the things he said to him, the way he made him feel that no one has ever made him feel before.

"I want you so bad... I need you"

"You're so cute, Georgie, you know you have to wait for that, not long now, though."

"Why did you do this to me, make me like this, only to leave me to deal with myself? That's so mean. "

"Now, I would never do that sweetheart. I'm not going anywhere until you're ready for me too. You can take as much advantage of that as you want... okay?"

George didn't want to give in this easy, to surrender all control to Dream like he knew he had. It was so tempting, he was throbbing and he wanted to touch so bad. He just wanted to listen to his voice and let it guide him.

"... Can I... uhh..."

"Yes, as much as I wish I was there to see it, it's okay for now. God, you sound so good, so needy for me, such a good boy."

The words fueled him. Everything felt so good, his body ached with desire. All that could have been better was Dream there, on top of him, whispering sweet words into his ear while pounding into him so hard he couldn't understand them. He tried to stay quiet, but would let out small whimpers out of his control.

"You're being so good for me baby, fuck... so good. Let me hear you, please... let me hear your noises, all of the them."

George could tell by the way his breath hitched, the way the lust in his voice turned to desperation that he was close. He knew he wanted to wait for Dream, but maybe that was what he needed to send him over the edge. He wanted to ask, but the thought came too late. It was overwhelming, his body shook, barely being able to handle how fucking good it felt. The small whimpers turned into a deeper blissful groan as the waves passed, each one more delectable than the last. He collapsed,

breaths heavy, the euphoria taking over him.

He heard next a low, hoarse groan, one much quieter than his own, but one that threatened to bring George back up. It completely consumed him, sounding from such a place of deep pleasure, stirring through Georges's system. He then heard a deep exhale and they both just sat, basking in what had occurred. They had covered a lot of steps in a few short hours, but it couldn't be going quickly enough. Dream was the first to interrupt, and by the way he spoke it was apparent he was still coming down from his high.

"Fuck George, you did so well... so so good."

"Sorry I didn't ask, like, for permission, it kinda happened before I could. "

"Aw it's okay, I think I can let you off just this once... but I do want you to ask next time, okay?"

Another sentence that made him melt. The way Dream was so demanding yet so gentle with it. Where did he get so good at this, making him want to obey him, make him never want to fight back? Dream had once said something he liked about George was how he could handle criticism, but it was always just a desire to please him, how no matter how frustrated he became with, how much he wanted to just give up, he was always there to tell him it was okay and praise him when he eventually got it right. This wasn't the same, but it was as much as he could put it together at the moment.

It was so late for George and he knew the sun must already be coming up for Dream. He felt like he was invading, keeping him up this late, but he didn't want him to leave. He wanted so badly to cling to him and never let go, never give the loneliness the chance to creep back up inside him.

"Clay, I know it's late... but can you stay... like on call."

"I would like that, a lot, but be warned, I snore."

"And I talk."

George settled into bed, he was exhausted and the blanket felt so soft and warm around him. He sat his phone down by his ear and felt all the things that usually plague him in the night wash away. He felt so protected by the voice coming out of the speaker, the comfort Dreams voice usually gave him but amplified in such a way he could easily drift off immediately.

"Clay, I like the way you make me feel."

"Me too sweetheart, me too..."

George didn't hear anything else from him figuring he had dozed off and based off the light snores that followed, he was right. The only thing that could make this better was snuggling into Dream, feeling his warmth and the safety of his arms around him. Soon enough though... soon enough

"Good night"

George gradually woke up, still hearing snores from the other end of the call. He didn't want to wake Dream, but he hadn't eaten yesterday and was starving. He muted and walked to the kitchen, going over to look in the refrigerator for some food. He pulled out leftovers and went to warm them up. George knew he had a lot to do today, getting ready to go see Dream oh so shortly. Dream, he was still there, he was on a call with him, they had slept on a call together. How was any of this happening, how did it just feel so normal now, so much more at home? He wondered how he felt, was this odd for him, or had the pieces finally all been located and put together, all nesting into each other in perfect harmony, forming the most magnificent picture. The next 48 hours couldn't go by fast enough, all he wanted was to be stepping on the plane, to be stepping into his arms. He ate in silence, still instinctively trying not to disturb him.

He knew before he could go there were things he had to do, editing being one of them. He went to his computer and slumped down, pulling up the software and attempting to begin. But alas images of sleepy Dream floated through his head. He wondered how he slept, probably on his back with all the snoring. He probably slept uncovered, with how hot it was in Florida. Did he sleep undisturbed, or would he toss and turn all night, trying to find sleep but it avoiding him. George wanted to know everything about Dream, down to small, probably insignificant things that would make him grow even fonder of him if that was even possible. He managed to finally get some work done and after he finished, looked at the clock noticing hours had gone by. Surely he wouldn't want George ought to let him sleep all day, surely he would want him to wake him up. He was quiet, not wanting to startle him.

"Clay"

He heard movement, the shuffle of sheets and the body on them.

"mhhh... George...? "

His morning voice was husky, tainted with sleep and slight confusion. It was adorable, incredibly attractive, but adorable nonetheless.

"You slept all day, have good dreams?"

"dreams... funny. Ugh, it's three already, you've should've woken me up like a day ago. How long have you been up... probably forever... were you just listening to my sleep?"

"Would it be creepy if I said yes?"

Dream giggled, making him melt even further. Hearing him happy, hearing everything from his wheezes to his small hums were Georges's favorite sounds. The one thing he anticipated most was getting to see him smile, getting to see the small wrinkles at the corners of his mouth, the way his eyes light up, sparkled even, the way when he was embarrassed he would try to hide in his hands only for the blush forming on his cheeks to give it away for him.

"Hey, like, sorry if I was weird or anything last night, I know I probably stepped too far, you should've stopped me."

"You didn't, I liked seeing you like that, it was hot."

"Hot! What!"

They both laughed, Dream being overdramatic like he hadn't just gotten off to George the night before. The day passed by quickly enough, eventually joining Sapnap for his stream. As much as he expected it to be, the tension wasn't there. Dream just acted as normal and so did he, talking about whatever topics entered their minds, telling jokes to make each other laugh, just accompanying Sapnap as he tried to speedrun, managing to get a really good time in the end. After it ended, he got a text from Dream.

"Have some stuff to do, talk to you later <3"

George decided he would go pack up for the trip and maybe take a walk as he counted about four times he had left his bedroom in the past week and saw it was well overdue. First, he grabbed his suitcase and threw it onto the bed, and headed to his closet. He didn't own many exciting things, mostly just essentials, plain shirts, and pants. Dream probably had a much better selection anyway, he would just borrow that. He wanted to get something for Dream, a gift, something that reminded him of him. This gave him somewhere to walk to.

Stepping outside, he was reminded of how cold it was. The wind was harsh, biting into his face, making him shiver. It would be so much warmer in Florida, the sun beating down, beaches filled with sand and salty water, shirtless Dream. As he walked by the product filled windows, something caught his eyes, a small green dinosaur, eyes filled with sparkles and small spikes poking out of it's back. He couldn't quite pinpoint why he was drawn to it, why it had reminded him so much of Dream, but he didn't try to take time to dissect that. He went and bought the dinosaur and headed back home, eager to get out of the cold.

He gently packed it in his suitcase, surrounding it with clothes so it didn't get hurt on the flight. George then took a quick shower and settled onto the sofa. He had never texted Dream back, assuming when he was finished, he would say something. But it had been hours, no text, no calls, nothing. He couldn't help but worry. Had Dream changed his mind, realized this was all a big mistake and hoped if he just ignored it the problem would go away on its own. Had George messed something up today, yesterday, said something, did something to make him regret everything. He couldn't rationalize the possibility of anything else, thoughts of Dream choosing to abandon him were all that could consume his mind. He had been so dumb, he wanted to break again. Replying now felt like such a risk, such an unwanted invasion, it felt so desperate. It was desperate, George was desperate, he just wanted to feel him again, it was so awful, it stung so much.

"Hey, you done?"

Chapter Notes

Hello! When I said I wouldn't keep going down this road, that didn't appear to be true so warnings back. Also, I feel like this story will go on for a while, so expect that. And as always, hope you enjoy!

"Hey, yeah, kind of thought you didn't want to talk anymore"

Fuck, it really was his fault, he should have replied, he should have been better. He had a dull ache in his heart, he didn't deserve Dream.

"I do"

He called, George didn't answer. He refused to do this in front of him again, to show he was nothing but pathetic, completely undeserving of even the slightest thought from him. To make it worse, both times he had caused this to himself, letting his own loud thoughts bring him down so low. What if he did something like this in person, there's no way he would ever be able to face him again after that. He wanted to be stronger for him, but his mind never quit. Dream called again, he hesitantly picked up.

"Hey, were you busy?"

That's the last thing it took, the sound of his voice, to bring George to let out the suffocating tears. The sobs racked his body, causing him to shake and try to hold onto a pillow for leverage.

"Baby, what is it, what's wrong... just talk to me it'll be okay, I'm right here."

He couldn't speak, he could barely breathe. Crying like this hurt and he wanted nothing more than to just stop. But he had been holding too many things back, they were overflowing, and it wasn't going to stop until he was completely empty. It went on for so many agonizing minutes, Dream trying so hard to calm him but to no avail. After a while, he could breathe, speak, but his voice was so shaky and pitiful.

"Sorry for ignoring you... I don't deserve you... I'm so sorry... "

"Baby it's okay, I wasn't mad, I didn't mean to make you think that, it's okay, don't say that."

He was finally able to collect himself enough to notice where he was. He felt the soaking wet pillow against his face, felt his eyes burn from all the tears, felt Dream there with him. He had made a terrible mistake, he let him hear him like this, this wasn't how it was supposed to go. He wiped his face and sat up, just feeling a harsh emptiness inside him.

"I'm better, sorry, so sorry, didn't mean to do that, in front of you, sorry."

"George don't be sorry, don't try to hide from me. You always keep things until they're too much, I want to hear them before that okay, please."

"It was dumb, it always is."

"Nothing is dumb, if you can talk about it without going back... tell me, okay?"

"Clay, I think a lot, way too much. I always think of the worse things that could happen in any situation, it's always too much. You never said anything and I automatically went to that you abandoned me, it hurt too bad"

"Baby, I would never abandon you, you mean everything to me, I fucking love you more than you could even understand. When you start thinking extremes, tell me, let me be here to assure, tell you everything okay, whether it be between us or anything else. I don't want to see you like that, just talk to me, please."

"I'll try, thank you, thank you for being there... I'm sorry for causing all of this."

"George you're actually banned from apologizing, I don't want to hear it anymore."

"Sorry"

George laughed, Dream groaned. Although still weighed down, he felt a lot better. He needed the shift in tone and knew just how to instigate it.

"Clay, if you're going to ban something, you'd have to have some way of enforcing that."

"You want me to enforce things? George, I don't think you would be ready for that."

"... Maybe I am."

"I know the first thing you would do with a rule would be to break it, you're a bit of a brat you know."

Once again his emotions had done a full circle. Just a few minutes ago his eyes were wet and now that had transitioned to somewhere else. Dream was right however, that's the first thing he would do, not to purposefully misbehave, just to push his luck and get his fun out of it. He would be completely terrified if he was actually upset with him, but the thought of pissing him off just to get a reaction had kept George up one too many nights.

"You'll catch a glimpse of that if you want to test that idea in front of me, Georgie."

"Will I?"

"I know you're not as innocent as you try to let on sweetheart, especially with last night as an indicator, you like being subby for me... don't you?"

That was all it would take to send him spiraling. His cheeks burned a bright red, his pants grew tight, he wanted him more than anything. He lusted for him with every ounce of his being. He wanted to take all of his pain and pleasure until they mixed to undistinguishable. He needed to be used by him.

"Yes sir"

"Fuck you sound so good, you know you've got to quit getting me so worked up, you make it so hard not to give in for you."

"Then maybe you should."

"Aw, but sweetheart I'm feeling a bit cruel tonight, you know. I mean we'll see each other so soon and we're already so worked up. Maybe I should just tease you until you're begging, so desperate

for me, so desperate for a release, but still not allow you to do anything but want, drive you to your ends and keep you there, wouldn't that be a fun little game?"

"...that'd be torture, I'm already so needy for you... please Clay."

"So cute, you're going to be a good boy for me, aren't you. I just want you to relax and listen to me, and I know you wouldn't try to disobey me, would you Georgie?"

What followed seemed to go on for hours, agonizing but glorious, Dream dissecting all of his weaknesses and exploiting them until he ached. George wasn't hard to please, simply the sound of him, the way he traced around, built up the words, brought him closer and closer to where all he wanted to do was beg, plead for a bit of mercy. But instead of tipping him over, he would slow, praising him, cooing him as if he had no idea the flames he was sparking inside of him. He was heating up, needing so badly to cool the burning, the relentless voice in his ear. How had he done this once again, managed to find everything that made him tick, everything that would make his mind whirl and his body beg.

Out of everything, knowing the twisted pleasure Dream was getting from this, knowing how he liked to hear him whimper, trying to resist what he needed so desperately, made it all the harder. The thought that he was aching the same, wanting so terribly to sink down to his knees to relieve him, to be rewarded by the small noises coming from deep inside him, to be rewarded by his warm, white fluids dripping down his throat.

"George darling, how are you holding up, I think our little game is coming to an end. Don't worry, you're allowed to take out all the frustration when you get here... I can't wait."

"I hate you so much right now."

Dream giggled, giving George butterflies. He wouldn't ever admit how much he enjoyed it, something about being at his complete mercy, a tool for his pleasure and amusement, even at the expense of his own fulfillment. It still hadn't gone down and with his mind running, giving him fuel to light the match, it wouldn't. It was so close, tomorrow night he would go to sleep waking up to see Dream the next morning. As many bad thoughts he had, above all he just wanted to hold him, to feel his warmth embracing him, to feel his arms around him, holding him tightly, finally feeling safe nuzzled up against him.

"Ah, Patches! Aww, Patches."

Dream switched on his camera, it was dark but you could see the faint resemblance of a cat laying on top of him. It was curled up and he was petting it, scratching under the chin. The cat was purring and Dream was baby talking it.

"You're such a sweet little kitty, coming to lay on me, so precious. So soft, a little loaf, that's so cute! She's falling asleep on me."

His voice lowered, trying not to wake the sleeping cat. You could hear the smile in his voice, it was adorable. George giggled.

"You're so soft, Clay, it's cute."

"Thanks"

You could practically feel him blushing. He was something else, being so bold with the things he would say, but not being able to handle the tiniest of things back. Maybe George could have a bit of fun of his own.

"Clay is baby, confirmed."

"I am not baby George, you've got no room to talk."

"Aw, listen to you, getting all flustered for me. I love hearing you get like that, it's so sweet."

"I'm not getting anything, shut up."

"Okay then, let me see you then if you're not getting anything."

He obliged, switching it around to put his face in view. You could see him a bit better, light from the screen illuminating his face. He was laying down, hair lay messily on the pillow, eyes light up even through the darkness. As usual, a hand covering the bottom half of his face. George wanted to see his reaction to his words.

"Beautiful, don't hide from me."

He awkwardly moved his hand around before removing it completely. He was biting down on his lip, trying to suppress the smile that threatened to cross his face. George wanted nothing more than to tear down this front, to make him so flustered he couldn't hold it up anymore and he knew it wouldn't take much.

"So pretty, wish I could kiss you right now.*

"You're so dumb, George..."

He then switched on his own camera, revealing his still flushed face. He could feel Dream looking at him and then he let out a small laugh.

"You look like a mess"

Dream had finally given in, a smile creeping across his face, eyes glowing, radiating the happiness and love he felt.

"I expected a challenge, but that's all it took huh, my face?"

"You take away my control Georgie. I guess you do make me weak."

"I love you, Clay, so much."

"I love you too sweetheart, so much."

They spent the rest of the night talking about an array of things. It was growing later and they were both yawning and dozing off as the hours went past. George eventually made his way to his bed, switching off the lights and laying down. He was fighting the sleep plaguing his eyes. The world felt like it had stopped and everything was how it should be. They were both there, existing, listening to each other's breaths, everything was in sync, everything was absolutely perfect. Dreams gentle, tired voice came over the speaker.

"Are you going to go to sleep, it's late."

"Don't want to leave you"

"I won't leave, I promise, you can sleep. Goodnight, George."

"Goodnight, Clay"

George was out immediately, not even stirring until the next morning. He woke up to the sound of snoring, putting him immediately back at ease. Dream always slept longer than he and he thought about waking up next to him, getting to watch and listen as he peacefully slept. One more day and he would be there, just one more day that couldn't go by any faster. He got up, doing all his normal daily tasks with excitement for once, as if by doing that he could skip time. He had everything ready for the trip, luggage, himself. For the first time in what seemed like forever, he was thriving. Usually, everything felt mundane, repetitive, nothing sparked anything inside of him. But, everything now felt new again, he felt emotions that hadn't been awakened in months, he saw everything in a new light, he was happy.

Could Dream just sleep forever if left to it? He finally decided to just wake him, wanting desperately to hear his voice again. He heard him awaken, but he stayed silent for what seemed like ages. When he finally did speak, he sounded confused, scared even.

"This is real, right? Your real, right? You're okay?"

"Yes, you're not dreaming anymore Dream... everything is fine, you're safe."

He went silent for a while longer causing George to worry. He wanted nothing more than to just be there, to pull him close and not let go until he was better, until whatever had haunted him in his

sleep was left behind as nothing more than that, a dream.

"Thank you... uh, sorry for overreacting, I just panicked... probably sounded really stupid sorry."

"Don't apologize, I'm just glad you're okay."

They both sat in comfortable silence for a while, neither having much to do and both just anxious waiting for tomorrow. The day went by and the night came, ever so growing near the long-awaited day.

Chapter Notes

We've finally made it, the actual meetup! Maybe a weird scenario, but I like to write things I haven't seen before. Also, starting next chapter, I've stopped resisting the urge to make outright smut, so sorry to me two weeks ago who just wanted a cute story. Hope you enjoy!

The loud sound of an alarm pulled George out of his slumber. He was so tired and wanted to just drift back into sleep, but then the realization hit. He quickly got out of bed and got ready, barely being able to contain how he felt. It had finally reached the time to leave and Dream was still there, somehow asleep past all the ringing and noise.

"Clay, hey, I'll see you soon, okay? I'm leaving for my flight now, I love you, goodbye."

"love you too"

He could tell he was still half asleep, words coming out in an oblivious mumble. He could only sit and bask in it for so long before he had to hang up and leave. He arrived at the airport painfully early, time couldn't be moving quickly enough. He would soon be stepping off and Dream would be there waiting for him. Everything leads up to now, all the long nights spent longing to be in his arms instead of the cold, unforgiving loneliness, all the hours spent, scenarios running through his head, those who seemed at the time to be fantasy, all of them now unfolding quicker than he could thoroughly comprehend. This was all foreign for George, he was about to get on a plane to meet his best friend who two days earlier he had told him he liked, everything was perfect, but it was all so fast, he'd barely had any time to process. He just needed to board so the fear wouldn't consume him, so his body wouldn't go against him and run out. But time wasn't going any faster and he didn't want to end up doing something he would regret. He needed to talk to Dream, normally he would never go to him with this, but he wanted him to, right?

"I'm scared, I don't know why, I want to see you more than anything, I don't know why it's like this."

His message was seen almost immediately, he must have been awake after all.

"I promise it's okay, it's normal to be scared, I am too. But it'll be fine, just calm down, okay?"

"Was this too fast? Did I push for too much, I didn't mean to."

"I was the one that pushed silly, don't say that. Just get here and I'll make sure you never question any of it again."

Dream had this power of always saying the things George needed to hear. He wanted to be there, and as much as this whole situation terrified him, he had to do it. Only a few hours and the person behind the screen would be there, right in front of him. That was all he wanted, him. The time for his flight was rapidly approaching and he felt the fear slowly seep out and be replaced with excitement.

"I hope you're a human and not just an actual walking smiley face."

"Haha, guess you'll have to find that one out for yourself."

The familiar comfort washed over him again, this time feeling even closer. It was finally time to board. The next hours passed quickly as he was encompassed in his thoughts. It was time, he stepped off and got his luggage before starting the search for Dream. He expected him just to be standing there, not for this to turn into an irl manhunt. His anxiety heightened for a minute, had he decided to back out, had this all become too much for him too? He pulled out his phone

"I'm in the parking lot, didn't want to cry in an airport."

He giggled and made his way outside. He was right though, the moment they saw each other, touched each other, it would all be over. He finally saw Dream, still in his car, eyes watching him intently but face still buried in his hands. Any control George still had over his body was gone now, he opened the door and sat down beside him, heart racing, still feeling the bit of awkwardness that was between them. Before it got too heavy though, he felt a hand slide over and the fingers intertwine with his. It was electric, sending a feeling of warmth throughout his body as he grazed his thumb over his sensitive skin. He instinctively brought it up to his face, rubbing against the back of Dreams' hand before gently kissing it. They still had hardly glanced at each other, but George wanted so badly to hug him, just wanting to get lost in it. There was a bigger obstacle in the way of that, they were in a car and to do that he would have to practically crawl in his lap.

He finally looked over at Dream, their eyes locking for just a second. His eyes were normally piercing, but at this moment they were soft, seemingly longing just as much as he was. He felt himself inching closer before deciding to give in and situate himself into his lap, head immediately falling into the crease of his neck and arms haphazardly around him, holding him as best he could with his back against the seat. At first, Dreams' body was tense, but it slowly relaxed, arms around him and hands rubbing patterns into his back. His breathing also calmed, now feeling the light rises and falls of his chest against his. It felt like everything he could have imagined, but so amplified. For the first time his thoughts dampened, they were the only two things in the world in this moment and he never wanted it to end.

He felt the love pouring into him from just the small touches, the calmness radiating from both of them brought an overwhelming peace he was unfamiliar with. He felt an urge that was well overdue forming inside him and just gave into it. He held onto him tighter as he let his emotions flood out, a tremble running throughout him that would undoubtedly be felt. George felt the grip on him tighten and the sobs rack through the other, heavier than his own. It took awhile before either of them could calm enough to speak, but eventually he felt a hand cup his face and gently tilt up his chin. He was looking into Dreams eyes, still softer than before but red and swollen from the tears. His voice was weak, barely managing to get his words across but putting every ounce of meaning out through them.

"I love you George."

"I love you too, Clay"

And he did, he felt closer to him than ever before and not just in distance. George watched as a slight smile crossed across the others face, one signaling calm, relief. He hadn't noticed how scared Dream had been, even with the fact it had taken all this time for him to even look at him. He could finally see everything, and god was it perfect. He wanted so desperately to kiss him, the way his lips were red, slightly pouted, so close to his, making it harder to resist. The way the other's hand was still holding his face, tracing out his features, focusing heavily on his lips with an intent. He locked eyes with him again, the tension growing higher, before moving his own hand up Dream's chest to the base of his neck. He was pulled closer until their lips practically touched until they did, sending electricity throughout George's body, a wave of pleasure deeper than anything he had ever felt. The kiss was slow and gentle at first but gradually stumbled into different territories. He felt the hand move from his face to explore, traversing all the sensitive areas before settling at his waist, holding it firmly. He felt his own hand move into Dreams hair, feeling it's softness between his fingers.

It started to pick up, Dream pressing deeper into the kiss, the desperation clearly felt, eliciting small noises from both, making it difficult for George to sit still. He's in a compromising position now, straddled over Dream, but with the control being slowly driven away by the second and feeling the reciprocation below him, George began moving his hips steadily against the others. The grip on his waist tightened and a deep, blissful groan escaped his lips. Dreams lips left his only to start the descent, leaving kisses down his jawline to his neck. The smallest breaths on his neck were more than George could handle, and Dream was unrelentless, finding the most sensitive spots, the ones that made him get the loudest, made him grip his hair and paw at his back, and torture them, nipping and licking until he could barely stay up, all the while digging into his hips, controlling them, edging them both closer. He could hear Dreams breathing, how it was getting more sporadic, how his noises became more needy, how close he must be. He couldn't think, the pleasure had taken over his body, begging him for release, he could barely talk.

"...please?"

"Please what, come on now use your words."

Dreams voice in his ear, those words spilling out so lustful, so demanding. Any control left in his body was gone, he would beg if that's what he wanted.

"Please, can I cum, please!"

All he got in response was a hum before being taken in both his hands, being used as an object to get him off, hearing the loud, deep groan in his ear, feeling his body shake and the waves go through him, sending George so far over the edge, making his claw into the others back, trying so desperately not to scream. It was overpowering, making him go limp, sinking into Dreams arms, feeling his heartbeat against his, feeling the expansions of his chest. He was barely conscious, his mind and body fuzzy, exhausted. He felt a gentle kiss on his forehead, reminding him where he was, with Dream, in a car, after they had practically fucked. This situation would usually be less than ideal, but at this moment, it felt perfect. George looked up to see Dream looking back at him, smiling.

"Do you want me to get up?"

"No, but I do want to hold you somewhere a bit more comfortable."

They both giggled and he made his way back to the passenger's seat, a harder task than it should be given the circumstances. The car was started and they finally headed off. It was darker out than when George had first arrived, all the lights of the areas now glowing visibly, a sight he always enjoyed. He heard a small yawn from Dream.

"Aw, something made you tired?"

"Shut up, George."

He looked over at him, face barely illuminated by the outside lights, but the flush still in his cheeks obvious. He looked as cute right now as he did hot, but not as intimidating as he would have imagined. Seeing him vulnerable like this, seeing how shy he would get after, made this warm feeling surround him, made him want to take him in his arms and hold him and praise him, telling him how good he did and how good he made him feel, although that treatment would probably be the other way around. They sat in a comfortable silence the rest of the way home, just enjoying being in each other's presence.

They arrived at Dreams house and walked inside, being greeted at the door by a "meow." He was lead to his room and put his bags down on the floor.

"I'm going to go shower, there's another bathroom downstairs."

Ah, right, that was probably a much-needed task for the both of them considering earlier activities. George opened his suitcase and pulled out another outfit before heading downstairs. Dreams house was nice, but it felt empty, having all basic necessities but not much extra, seeming that no one actually lived here. He stepped in the shower, disappointed but relieved it was alone. God, today had been amazing and it had barely lasted a few hours. He was actually here and nothing had gone bad, Dream did actually want him, this wasn't some intricate joke for him to be at the end of. He wanted more, he needed more. He finished up quickly and headed back upstairs expecting to see Dream somewhere but he didn't, something felt wrong. The bathroom door was shut but he didn't hear the water running.

"Clay, you in there?"

Chapter Notes

Hello! Yes, I know I've moved from sad to horny way too much in this story, so would you really be surprised at one more time? We're finally starting to get somewhere interesting though, enjoy!

It was silent, no response. If he was fine, he would have said something right? He had a sinking feeling something was off, one he couldn't shake. He knew it would be overstepping to just go in, but maybe Dream would forgive him, he wouldn't forgive himself if he didn't.

"Hey, I'm coming in, okay?"

He turned the knob slowly, first cracking the door and looking inside. He scanned the room, everything looking normal he turned to a corner, seeing Dream curled up, head to his knees. He walked him and knelt beside him. He could see him shaking, hear the small sobs he was trying so hard to mask. George felt his heart shatter, a deep ache set in, seeing him like this hurt so much, he had no idea how to handle it. He put his hand gently on the others shoulder.

"I'm here, it's okay, you're safe."

He wasn't responding. He finally sat beside him and pulled him close, glad there wasn't much resistance, basically collapsing onto him. Dreams head rested in his lap, body curled around him, making him seem so tiny.

"Whatever it is, I promise it's alright."

He ran his fingers through his wet hair, admiring how the shade had changed. George hated how bad he was at comforting, how he had no idea on how to make the tears slow, how to make the pain in his heart stop. It didn't seem like anything he said, anything he did had any effect. They sat like that for a while, Dream gradually calming until it seemed he could speak.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"Not really"

"Please?"

"I guess I don't think enough, I didn't think about anything before I did it... I didn't think about how deep I felt for you, I didn't think about how much better you deserve than me, how I probably trapped you in this, you probably just came because you pity me... I know I don't live up to anything you expected... I'm so fucking stupid, I'm sorry."

"Don't say that. I'm here because I love you, more than you could ever know. Your perfect, everything about you is, you make me so happy. I want you to understand that, okay?"

George wished he would have picked up on this sooner, that maybe he wasn't as fine as he always seemed. He constantly weighed him down with his own emotions, not thinking he may have the same things in his own head. He pulled him up closer, chest to back, and took his hand in his own,

trying to pour every ounce of love into him he could. Dream spoke again

"What you must think of me now, I'm such an idiot. I didn't mean to make you hate me on the first day."

"You know that isn't true."

Both of Georges's arms were now wrapped gingerly around the other's mid, head buried in his hair, occasionally pressing soft kisses into it. He felt the warmth slowly return to Dreams skin, signaling he was returning to a place of contentment again. They sat like that for a while, Dream slowly relaxing in his arms, head falling back to look up at him. The sight George saw was entrancing, his emerald eyes glossed over, now sparkling with a bit of light instead of the heavy tears that had adorned them earlier. His entire face was flushed red, the dried tear marks a delicate contrast. His lips were red, swelled beautifully, the gloss accompanied them too. George hated how looking at him like this made him feel, not the ache he had earlier, but a feeling deeper inside him he wanted nothing more than to push away.

"You're a pretty crier, Clay."

He felt a giggle from the other, eliciting a shameful one from himself. The thoughts of other situations he would look like that filled his mind, threatening to take the position they were in more danger. Dream noticed his newly found hesitation. He felt a slight squirm from the other, who had been strangely still up to this point. He had read his mind again... fuck.

"Not in a weird way or anything"

He felt his cheeks redden, looking at anything around the room to avoid the glaze that was staring up at him.

"You know, you could just say you wanted to fuck me until I cried."

George felt the words travel somewhere else, he was hopeless at this point, burying his face into the other's hair, a burning glow across his face. The fucking boldness he had sent a shiver down his spine. His voice, lower now, seeped with the embarrassment he felt

"You're such an idiot"

"Aw, don't be shy sweetheart, it's okay to want things you know you can't have."

George gulped. Fuck, he had that voice again, the one that made him weak, the one laced with lust and want, all for him. This time though, it was teasing, he wanted a challenge.

"I think I can have it."

He felt Dreams breathing, exhaling with a hint of annoyance. He watched as he got up from his place in his lap and straddled over George easily, towering above him, forcing him to look up into his eyes as they pierced through him, the look alone making it hard for him to stay still. He felt his wrists being grabbed, easily pinned with one of the other's hands. He wanted to be good for him, let him hold him down and have his way, but this was a game for Dream, and he didn't want an easy win.

"Take it then."

Dream sneered, gripping him almost painfully tight as he tried to struggle. With his other hand, he brought George up into a forceful kiss, taking what he knew was his, the other making desperate

noises against his lips. He pulled away, making George whine.

"You're so needy for me already, baby. I want to make you feel so good."

"Please?"

George kept fighting with himself, Dreams siring voice in his ear made it difficult to do anything but melt into it, but he craved his roughness, he needed to know just how cruel he could be. He was pulled into another kiss, painfully slow, teasing him. He bit at his lip, grinding it between his teeth and pulling a luscious noise from the other. To his surprise, Dream didn't pull back, didn't attempt to take back control of the kiss, even relenting control of his hands, leaving him free to experiment. After tasting his mouth, making them both squirm, he moved down, lips gliding across Dreams neck, causing him to slip his fingers into his hair, gripping it, letting out soft whines any time George let up. He was so sensitive, becoming so desperate under him, he was ready to abuse it.

He was still slightly confused, was Dream just baiting him with this power, letting him have it now to later make him regret it, or was he actually having this effect on him, making him so needy he had abandoned his previous role. He continued kissing the other's neck, finding the regions that elicited the loudest noises, the ones that made him struggle to stay up, noting them for later. George never considered himself even a top, much less ever explored the sadistic thoughts he was having now, maybe the ones he was having earlier, the ones that lead to this weren't just intrusive, because they hadn't damped, now only getting worse, and this time the other was at his mercy, letting him act on them. He now knew this is what Dream wanted too, this is why he pushed him, making him think it was a battle when in reality he was just playing right into his hands. A breathless voice interrupted his thoughts.

"Can we move to the bed?"

George nodded and watched as Dream managed to stabilize himself before picking him up and carrying him to his room. George smiled feeling small in his arms, the way he effortlessly picked him up, serving as a reminder of the others strength. He was sat down on the bed, Dream following and sitting beside him, looking at him as if he was supposed to know what to do. George didn't, he'd never done anything like this before, a panic crept in, obvious on his face. Dream spoke up

"We didn't really talk about any of this, sorry, and if you don't want to do it, it's okay."

"I do, really, I just don't know how."

"What do you mean by how? You didn't strike me as a virgin."

"Not that just... you know."

He must have sounded so dumb, the things he wanted had only existed in his mind before, he had never acted on them with someone else. Now that he was faced with a willing participant, he was going to make a fool of himself. Dream noticed the worry in his eyes and looked at him softly, trying to be reassuring without taking full control, knowing they were going in the opposite direction.

"It's okay, you don't have to know what you're doing. I can tell there's a lot of things you want, and I do too. So just do them."

"What can I not do, what are your limits, what do you like?"

"I don't think I have any, if it's too much I'll say, keeping it simple, red, for a safe word. But you'll have to figure out the rest of it."

Dream smirked, sending a slight shiver through George.

"And what about yours?"

"Same thing, you can do whatever."

They both shared a glance, signaling it could start. Dream was right, he did have a lot he wanted to do, beginning with right where they had left off.

"Shirt off"

The other complied, seemingly pleased at the fact he was being commanded. The sight made George drool, the tan, tone flesh that lay underneath tantalizing him. He ran his fingers over it slowly, taking in the way he felt, feeling the other's breath hitch as he traced over certain spots. He was careful not to go too low, only once sliding down below his waistband, staring down him, watching as his hips moved looking for friction, only smiling devilishly back. He pushed him down onto the bed, getting on top.

Dream looked up at him, his expression already so needy, craving his touch. He leaned down, locking the other in a deep kiss, moaning into it as wet, warm tongues encircled each other. George pulled back again, this time returning to his neck, littering it with light kisses. Dream was growing more impatient as time passed, eventually finding his fingers laced in Georges's hair and instinctively pushing down his head when he left one spot too soon. The way George instantly grabbed his wrist and pinned it above his head sent a shiver throughout Dream.

"If you do that again, I will stop."

His voice was low, threatening, leaving no room for him to disobey. He dug into Dreams wrist painfully, making the other whimper, having no plans to stop until he said what he wanted to hear.

"I... I'm sorry."

His voice sounded weak, already defeated. George let go, pressing a kiss into the sore skin before releasing him, met with a thankful sigh. He was tired of teasing, he wanted to hear those noises again. His lips moved back down to Dreams' neck, this time returning to the same spot for the second part of the punishment. He nibbled at the spot, gently at first, before sinking his teeth into it, biting down full force, making the other cry out loudly, body tense, hands pawing at his back. After he was satisfied, he let go, looking at the deep indent that was left in his skin, looking at his face, unshed tears formed in his eyes, the same look starting to form as earlier. He tried not to ride the power high, focusing instead on the boy under him. He kissed and licked at the spot apologizing, hearing the pained noises shift back into those of pleasure.

"Was that too much?"

"No"

His answer was simple, not giving George any insight. He knew he wanted to be cruel, and it seemed he could be. Dream was still squirming underneath him, hips chasing his own desperately as he continued, biting down on his neck, this time slower, letting him draw every ounce of pleasure from it before shifting, torturing the skin in his teeth, making him grow louder, making his body beg for it to stop. He then overwhelmed the sensitive area, tracing the marks with his tongue, causing Dream to lose control, loud moans escaping him, his hands now clawing at Georges' back, leaving tender pink scrapes. He felt the boy fall apart under him, tears now openly falling from his face, not clear if caused by pain or pleasure, his lips swollen, his cheeks now blushing a deep red. He looked so destroyed, all by George, all for him.

He then moved down, trailing kisses down the others body, still not giving him what he so desperately needed, but coming so close just to tease him, eliciting frustrated whines from the boy which made it hard for him not to give in, to satisfy his own need. He tugged at his waistband, revealing his thighs, deliciously pale compared to his upper. He squeezed them, digging into the tender flesh, causing the others hips to roll, craving his hands closer.

"Please touch me, please."

Hearing Dream beg sent a chill down his spine, gave him a cruel idea.

"Earn it then"

He moved to the edge of the bed, gesturing Dream in front of him. He moved eagerly, sinking to his knees, looking up at him with a small, submissive glance. George got up to shove off his own pants, definitely more calm and collected than he felt, as if his heart wasn't racing, as if he wasn't painfully hard, needing to feel his mouth around him. Dream moved slowly, caressing him, sending tingles under his fingertips. He licked up a stream of precum before wrapping his tongue around the head, forcing a moan from George. Dream smiled, taking clear enjoyment from being able to please him. He took him into his mouth, still massaging the tip with his tongue, making George get louder, hands grabbing his hair as he continued to tease, hardly taking any of his length. His hand moved through his hair, tugging at certain strands, pulling light noises out of the boy that made his cock twitch.

As pretty as he was like this, George was growing impatient, needing more. He pushed, guiding Dream down, slowly at first, not wanting to overwhelm him too quickly. As he did, he felt slight moans from the boy, vibrating around him, making him lose any control he was trying to maintain. George shoved him down, forcing him to take his entire length, making him choke. He pulled him back, letting him catch a breath before doing it again, holding him down longer, making him gasp for air, his eyes wet again. His mouth felt so good, muscles contracting around him, bringing him closer. George was cruel, he knew what he wanted from him, and he was going to take it.

He shoved Dream down again, watching him struggle, causing his cock to twitch in his mouth. The sight, Dream taking his cock in its entirety, drool leaking out the sides of his mouth, eyes looking up at him, lustful, glazed over, cheeks stained with tears, fresh ones taking their place, threatened to bring him over the edge. He felt Dream adjust, god he was being so good for him, letting him abuse him however he wanted without putting up a fight. Feeling him swallow around him, feeling the way his tongue would use what space it had, tracing his veins, bringing him almost overwhelming pleasure, making his vision go blurry. George began thrusting into the others mouth recklessly, using it to chase his own release. He was already so close and watching as Dream was destroyed by his cock made his need even heavier. He hadn't wanted to finish too quickly, but at this point it was involuntary. The orgasm was powerful, sending waves crashing throughout his body as he came down the other's throat. He pulled out sending trickles of saliva and cum dripping from the other's lips, making him shiver.

Dream looked so lovely like this, he had done so well and George wasn't cruel enough to deny him. He brought him back up into a kiss, tasting himself on his lips, making them both feel even sluttier. He put a hand around Dream's cock, making him moan helplessly from the slightest touch. George began, strokes slow, at least planning to draw this out for him awhile. He started back in on his neck, kissing over the marks, making Dream throb beneath him.

"I'm so close, please, please can I cum?"

George laughed softly before picking up his pace, making the others pleas become more desperate. After he was satisfied, he answered.

"Yes, cum for me."

Almost immediately he felt the warm liquid drip down his hand, watched as Dreams' entire body reacted, shaking, grabbing onto Georges' thigh for leverage. He shoved his fingers into the other's mouth, making him clean them, taste himself. Their lips met once more, this time slower, neither having much more fight left in them. They both slipped their pants back on, Dream going to turn off the lights before laying down beside him, head buried in his chest, trying to be as close to him as possible. George wrapped one arm around him, the other laced in his hair, petting him.

"You did so well for me."

Dream just hummed happily in response. George wanted to talk with him, making sure he hadn't overstepped and that he was in fact, okay, but for once, the other was quiet, seemingly content with the silence, and he was too. They were both asleep quickly, George waiting for the stillness in the other's body before allowing himself to drift off as well. It had been a peaceful end to a long day.

Chapter Notes

This reached a lot more people than I could have ever imagined and I just want to thank you guys for all the support! We're finally coming to a close, two more chapters after this, the next one being really long for reasons you might expect. Enjoy!

George awoke, confused at first, having not had time to comprehend why he was in a different bed. Dream was still there, laying in his arms, snoring and drooling slightly, it was adorable. He kissed his forehead, not wanting to move in fear of waking him. He finally had time to process everything that had happened last night and it bothered him, the things he did were completely out of character, but he liked it. Was Dream okay, would he wake up and despise him, them both being too caught up in the moment to think fully, would he regret it? All the questions plagued Georges' head, none of them being heard, making them grow louder. And besides all of that, Dream wasn't the type, there was no way the same person, the same person that occupied his thoughts, always being the one in control, would just submit to him so easily, it didn't make sense. He looked over at a clock 12:30, it was already late, maybe it would be fine to wake him. He spoke gently, not wanting to startle him.

"Clay, hey, good morning."

George felt a slight twitch in his body as he came to consciousness, he must have felt the same confusion he had, not used to waking up to someone else in your bed. Dream moved to put his arm around George, yawning and burying back into him.

"...tired"

His voice, deep, coated in sleep, made his heart melt.

"Aw, you poor thing"

George scooted down in the bed until they were facing each other. Dream smiled, giving him a quick kiss, taking away tension he wasn't even aware was there. George pondered everything again, he didn't seem upset, he seemed normal, happy even.

"You're doing it again."

"What"

"Thinking"

They both giggled before their eyes met again, Dream staring as if to read the words flashing in his brain, attempting to decode him, an all too familiar occurrence.

"You're doing it again, too."

"What am I doing?"

"Not letting me keep anything to myself."

"Georgie, you keep everything to yourself, I just want to know."

His voice was teasing, but laced with truth. He couldn't understand why Dream always wanted to know, he knew he thought too much and didn't want someone else to have to pay the price for it as well. Was it really important, Dream had already lectured him about it once and he was about to make him to it again.

"You know I'm terrible with words, I either start rambling or barely say anything, I know it's annoying."

Dream was just watching him, waiting for him to continue, not giving him a choice not to.

"I'm sorry about last night, I don't know if anything was wrong, if you're upset about it, but if you are, I'm really sorry."

'Aw sweetheart, is that what's bothering you? You have nothing to apologize for, it was amazing."

"But see, your... it's not like you, it wasn't like me either."

Dream chuckled lightheartedly

"You're saying I can't like switching sometimes too?"

George blushed hard, stumbling on anything he tried to say, giving Dream an even bigger grin.

"You know, if you're really that worried about it, I guess I would have to show you tonight I have no problem going either way."

"I would like that."

He climbed on top of him, kissing him, both of them smiling into it, just happy to be there in the others company. Dream attempted to shove him back onto the bed and take his rightful position on top, but winced and flopped back down.

"You alright?"

"Yeah, just sore."

He pouted slightly before getting up again, this time going over to a mirror to admire the still fresh marks. Deep, painful-looking bruises adorned his neck.

"Fuck, George."

George hated to admit it, but he was proud of them, the way he had marked up the other's body, claiming him as his own.

"When I asked what you liked, and you said to figure it out, did I?"

"I don't know, did you?"

Dream smirked, signaling a clear answer. George walked over to him, immediately being pulled against him, arms around his waist, holding him there, a content hum escaping from the other's lips.

"I'm gross, want to shower?"

"Only if it's not alone again."

"Wouldn't dream of it."

They showered, rather innocently considering the circumstances, and got out, Dream heading to his closet in search of clothes and George returning to his suitcase, opening it for the first time since arriving. He found an outfit and something tucked away he had almost forgotten about, the little plush dinosaur. He went back to Dream's room, finding him sitting in his chair scrolling through his phone, setting it down as soon as he saw him come in.

"I got you something"

He walked over to him and handed him the dinosaur. Dream looked at it and smiled.

"It reminded me of you."

"And why is that?"

"I guess because it was green."

"Because it was green!"

Dream wheezed, causing them both to laugh, George still not understanding at what.

"What's so funny, huh?"

"George, it's yellow!"

George's face reddened, half from laughing and half from the embarrassment. He hadn't thought once about its color, dinosaurs were always green, right?

"I'm colorblind!"

This sent them both into a fit of laughter, Dream eventually pulling George into his lap and nuzzling him.

"It's adorable baby, thank you."

They didn't do anything significant the rest of the day, just focusing on each other, lavishing in each touch. George learned a lot about Dream, some things he already assumed, some things he never could have speculated just seeing him behind a screen. One thing he came to love most was just how clingy he was. It wasn't that he constantly demanded his attention, but he always tried to stay close, physically close, keeping some kind of contact with George, whether they were full-on cuddling, or just that their knees grazed each other while sitting. It gave George a sense of comfort as well, knowing he was there, wanted to be there with him. The hours washed away much too quickly, the sky darkening. They both knew what Dream had planned for later and the thoughts of it consumed George's head.

They were laying on the sofa, Dream behind George, one arm around him, the other under his head, acting as a pillow. On the tv played a nature documentary, put there after Dream seemed to reject everything, claiming it was "too scary" and George relentlessly teasing him about it and putting on the least threatening thing he saw. George was bored, seeking other activities to put his mind to, noticing Dreams hands resting near his face. He took his thumb into his mouth, sucking and licking it, drawing attention from the other who began to lead it.

"Fuck, you look so cute like that. If you don't be careful, I'll put your mouth to better use somewhere else."

George had no plans to make this easy for him, biting down on him hard and not letting up. He felt a voice, breathy in his ear, making him squirm.

"Baby, I will hurt you, but I know that's what you want, you don't have to be a brat to get it. If you do continue though, I will make it hell for you, that's a promise."

That sentence sent chills down his spine. He knew it was a warning, but couldn't help take it as an invitation. It had scared him enough to make let go, Dream now cupping his face with his hand, him leaning into it instinctively.

"Sit up."

They sat, surveying each other for a minute, the loose clothing they were both wearing made it hard to suppress how they felt already. Dream was a lot more calculated than himself, probably already having a plan of exactly what he wanted to do to him. They made eye contact, George waiting for something to break the silence.

"You've had your fun, and now I want to have mine. I have no plans to go easy on you, and I want to hear a yes or no before I do anything. The safeword is red, or tap three times if you can't talk. I'm not pressuring you into anything, if you don't want to it's okay. But I want an answer."

"Yes"

"Thank you."

Dream took him, gripping around his jawline, and pulled him into his lap, bringing up his lips to meet his. The kiss was raw, intimate, feeling the pure want from the other, the warmth of heating up skin, almost burning. It was calm, slow, perfect, soft lips on his, it was intoxicating, making everything else slowly fade out of existence, making his brain melt. He felt Dream move, the grip on him tightening as he stood up, taking him to his room. He was tossed onto the bed, Dream getting on top of him, continuing, only this time occasionally dipping his tongue in, only letting him get a taste before taking it away, teasing him with it. George whined, forcing his way into the others mouth only to have him pull away, only to surprisingly have his lip taken with it, having it sucked on, making it swollen and sensitive, drawing small noises from him before feeling a sharp bite, making him whimper, the others mouth leaving his, the absence of warmth making the whimpers stronger.

"Sweetheart, you will obey me, do you understand?"

George nodded slightly

"I didn't hear that, what did you say?"

"Yes sir."

"Good boy, see it's not that hard."

That name made him shudder, the reaction obviously being noticed by Dream, who smiled wickedly.

He kissed his lips one final time, forceful, rough, before shifting focus to his ear, growling into it

"You're so easy to pick apart, watch you unravel right under me. God, I can't wait to destroy you."

George whined helplessly, feeling the hot breath in his ear, Dreams husky voice, the one he used on him what seemed like forever ago, but this time it was right there. He desperately chased friction with his hips, only to have them pinned down, fingers digging deep, intent to bruise.

"You're beginning to piss me off, you know, I think this is the last chance I'm going to give you. Or maybe you want me to stop, walk away right now and leave you to fend for yourself. Your body belongs to me right now, be good, and let me use it."

Dream was on a power trip, and god, it was fucking hot. The gentle domination he usually used was gone, replaced with a dangerous tone, he was going to get what he wanted one way or another. The other could easily force submission into him, but he wanted to take it willingly, make George accept defeat, his need taking over. Once again, he played right into his hands.

"I'm sorry sir, just please, please don't stop."

"Such a good boy for me."

He resumed, moving to his neck, kissing it lightly at first, before taking bits into his mouth biting, sucking, leaving dark marks in Georges pale skin, making him get louder, grip the sheets below in an attempt to channel energy somewhere else instead of what his body was begging from him. Dream was unrelenting, moving the same treatment from his collarbones to shoulders, making sure George was marked up for him, making him cry, desperate pleas and whines escaping from the overwhelming pleasure, the frustration. Dream finally let up, looking at him to admire his work.

"Aw, baby, you look so cute like that, and you took it so well, it almost makes me want to reward you."

"Please, I'll do anything, please."

"Anything, huh? Strip and get on your knees for me."

George complied, slipping off his clothes and moving over to where Dream had situated on the edge of the bed, collapsing down to his knees. He looked up at Dream who was already undressed, waiting for him to begin. It was a sight, his cock throbbing, dripping with precum, he wanted it in his mouth so badly. George wrapped around the head, swirling his tongue around it, inducing a groan from Dream, his hand coming down to rest on Georges' head. He began licking stripes up his shaft, coating it with warm saliva, drawing more noises from the other. He was hesitant to take in any of his length, knowing he had no experience and a terrible gag reflex, but he slowly gained confidence, wanting nothing more than to make the other feel good, to have him cum down his throat. George started slowly bobbing his head, at first only taking in the tip, but gradually moving up, barely able to take half his length before choking on it, feeling the tears prick his eyes, feeling his throat burn. As unpleasant as it should have been, it made him helplessly needy, his cock

throbbing visibly.

"Sir, can you... um..."

"Can I what, sweetheart?"

George turned red, looking at the ground, stuttering when he tried to speak.

"You want me to help you, you want me to fuck your pretty little face?"

"Mhmm"

George felt the grip on him tighten, Dream looking down at him once more for confirmation, before pushing him all the way down onto his cock, holding him there, making George choke around it, making him struggle against his grasp, causing the other to loosen it, letting him recover for a second before doing it again, repeating until George could take it.

Your mouth feels so good baby, you're doing so good for me."

Dream began thrusting into him, slowly at first, becoming more erratic as he got closer, the noises coming from him, the feeling of being used as nothing more than a toy for his pleasure, enough to edge George closer as well, without ever being touched. He felt the grip on him tighten, a low groan coming from the other, the sweet juices spill out into his mouth, trying his best to lick them all, swallow them. George let go of his cock, immediately being brought up into a sloppy kiss, the other exploring his mouth with his tongue, tasting himself, them both moaning heavily. George was desperate, rubbing his cock against Dreams lower, needing friction, needing so badly to cum. He felt a hand around him, stroking him hard, he could barely handle it for a second, spilling all over the other's hand, a powerful orgasm coming over him, crying out loudly. He took the other's hand, licking up the mess he had made on it, making Dream shudder.

"You're such a little cumslut for me, aren't you? God, I wasn't planning on moving so quickly, you made waiting so hard. But don't worry, I'm nowhere near finished with you."

"What?"

"I mean, I don't know nearly enough about you yet, and I can't think of a better time to find out than right now when you're all exposed for me."

"I think you know plenty."

"Oh, but I don't Georgie, I don't know every single thing that makes you tick, I don't know every dark fantasy in your head and how it plays out, I haven't even once fucked you so hard you were screaming my name, and I need to change all of those things, wouldn't you say?"

George couldn't respond, only staring up at him with a look that begged for it.

"You want that, don't you sweetheart?"

Dream said, half mockingly, half wanting a verbal answer, to which George gave him one.

"Good boy, wait here, I have to get some things."

Dream got up and walked to his closet, bringing out what appeared to be a large case. Fuck, he had done this before, he was serious. Dream noticed his expression change, letting out a slight chuckle.

"Don't worry, I just like to keep organized."

He pulled out a thin black rope and wrapped it around Georges' wrists before tying the other end to the bed frame. He attempted to struggle, feeling a harsh jerk and rope digging into his skin. Dream was obviously enjoying this, running soft fingers along Georges' body, sending electricity coursing through him. The feeling of being helpless under his touch, the anticipation of what he would do next, it was all rising inside of him, driving him insane. And Dream was taking his time, using every moment to torment him, make his need grow stronger. George watched as he pulled out another instrument, a small black knife, curved blade arching at the bottom. This was definitely a whole new territory for George, any time other he probably would have panicked, being tied up with the person on the other end of the bed bringing out a knife, but for some reason, maybe it was his uncured need driving his actions, or maybe the fact that Dream looked fucking hot with it, he craved whatever would happen next.

He felt hands moving up his body, Dreams intense glare on him, watching him, studying for any sign about how he felt. The blade pressed up against his neck, cold metal digging into his skin, it was terrifying, and Dream was feeding on his fear, the look in his eyes dark, lustful, he enjoyed watching him squirm, watching his breathing deepen, watching his heart pound. He felt the blade trace down his neck, the foreign sensation it brought with it an unexpected pleasure leaving George desperately needy, his cock throbbing, needing to be touched. If he were to move, do anything to make Dream upset, he could scratch him, cut him, make him bleed, he was completely helpless, at his mercy. He continued down the path, blade moving dangerously over his waist, tracing down his thigh, an involuntary shiver escaping his body. Dream was examining him, every slight hitch of his breath, every fidget of his body, taking everything in, seemingly memorizing it. He was slow, methodical, careful not to hurt George, just enough to keep him on the edge, not allowing him to become too comfortable before digging the sharp blade into his delicate skin, letting him writhe under it, small whimpers escaping his lips.

"Please, sir, please touch me, please?"

"Not yet sweetheart, be patient for me."

"I need you... so bad... please."

George was outright begging at this point, tears welling up from the frustration, all the attention on every part of his body except for the one he needed most. Usually when Dream pulled this, he wanted something from him, but the begging was to no avail, only seeming to amuse him, making the teasing worsen. After a while he felt the sensations ending, the blade being closed and threw back onto the end of the bed, Dreams warm body climb on top of him, lips meeting his with passion, a hand running through his hair, forcing soft moans. George felt his breath steady as a sense of calm flooded back over him, one he hadn't even realized was missing but one he knew was being returned just to be ripped away again soon.

"You're doing so good for me, God, I want to be inside of you."

George shuddered, words hot against his ear. He needed it too, so badly. Dream, finally ready to give into his desperation got up and moved around to his things, pulling out a small bottle of lube. George hadn't hesitated about anything up to this point, but a slight fear crept up on him, he hadn't done this before, at all. Dream noticed almost immediately, running soothing fingers up his body, tone softening.

"You'll be alright, I promise."

He continued giving him praises and reassurance until he was certain George had gotten all of his confidence back before returning to the lube bottle and coating his fingers with it. Dream slid in

one finger, a noise coming from George that he couldn't place, and after a moment sliding it in and out, still hearing relatively little, as if George was still deciding an opinion. After he was comfortably taking that, he added another finger, this time a clear sound of pleasure radiating from the other, only increasing when he began moving, stretching him out, trying to find the spot that would send him over the edge. He added another finger, the fullness making George cry out, pulling agonizingly at his restraints, the sight going straight through Dream, making it impossible to hold back much longer, needing to feel it around him. He knew George wanted loose, and that he would probably need it soon after he had gotten started with him. Dream finished up, pulling his fingers out of him and wiping them off before going to undo the knots of the constraint, met with a thankful sigh from George, deep raw indents already on his wrists from all the tugging.

"I want you to ride me, okay?"

George nodded, getting up and attempting to position himself, still shaky from all the previous activities. Dream's hands moved to his waist, bringing him down slowly, drawing a loud moan from them both as George took him to the base, breathing heavily and stopping to adjust. They both appreciated the closeness of this position, hands and mouths free to explore the other. Their lips met for a deep kiss, George rolling his hips as it picked up, promoting sweet moans from both sides, Dream's prints digging into him, causing him to lose himself further. His teasing was being tolerated, a deliberately slow pace being established, although they both yearned for more. Dream took control of his hips, moving them slightly, not giving either of them enough stimulation and George instinctively found his head in the crease of Dream's neck, earning a small whine from the other. George laughed softly, noticing how close he was to the bruised flesh, how sensitive it was, a cruel idea forming in his head. He began laying gentle kisses on it, almost immediately feeling Dream's entire body react under him, a soft noise escaping him as he bucked up into George, sending a shiver down his spine.

He had found a way to get what he so desperately needed, to make the other surrender the restraint on himself. He resumed, the other controlling his hips, slamming him down hard, making it difficult to think, to keep any composure. Dream was merciless, testing his body in different positions until felt nails dig into his back, a stifled cry coming from the other. He growled

"I want to hear you, I want you screaming my name."

He fucked him viciously, hitting his prostate with every thrust, giving him no choice but to comply, give him what he wanted to hear.

"Fuck Clay, Oh my god, don't stop, please!"

The sounds of the other made him throb, bringing him closer, neither of them being able to hold on much longer. George felt his vision go blurry, the overwhelming pleasure, his own burning need welling up inside of him, his body being used by Dream, everything combining, his mind melting to the point all he could do was beg. He felt the erratic thrusts of the other, felt him chasing his own orgasm, felt a hand wrap around him, stroking him in time with the thrusts, finally releasing what he had been building up for hours. Dream was loud, a noise that immediately brought him over, waves coming over him, almost painfully pleasurable, his body shaking, feeling Dream do the same under him, filling him up. George felt himself being moved up off of Dream, collapsing onto the bed, listening to both of their heavy breaths as reality was brought back.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George buried his head in the other's thigh, exhausted, body still trembling slightly. His head felt fuzzy, the high he felt lingering, but transforming into a confusing mix of emotions.

"Baby, I need to clean up, will you be okay here?"

He looked up and nodded, not wanting him to go but knowing they were both a mess. He watched as Dream wandered into the bathroom, bringing back a damp towel and wiping them both off before tossing it back on the floor and laying down beside George, taking him into his arms, holding him tightly. Dream's skin was so warm, it radiated into him, fighting the chill that threatened to overcome him.

"You did so well, so perfect for me. I love you so much "

Dream cooed, rubbing circles into his back, planting small kisses into his hair. For once, all George could focus on was his touch, his words, the way they made his heart swell, making the emptiness he felt inside of him dissipate, making him feel whole again. He didn't notice drifting off, entering a deep, undisturbed sleep until the next morning.

He awoke to the sound of Dream's gentle voice in his ear, the feeling of arms still around him. He looked up, locking eyes with the other who smiled, running his fingers through his hair. It was quickly becoming routine, a routine George never wanted to break, waking up next to Dream, holding him, knowing he was his. But a question remained in the back of George's head, what if he had interpreted it all wrong, what if this was something temporary, what if after the week was up Dream would expect them to go back to how they were before, friends? Perhaps this didn't mean as much to him, was he just doing this because he was bored, lonely, to see if he actually had feelings for George to have now found out it was just platonic love. He could understand if he did feel that way, Dream had probably seen more of George in the past few days than in the years of knowing him, seen things that weren't always the pleasant demeanor he could better portray online, he was a lot to handle, no one should have to tolerate that. But the thought of not having Dream, the thought of not having him like this, the thought of hearing those words come from him, broke him more than he could mask.

"Hey, Georgie, what's wrong?"

Maybe it was best if outright asked, as much as it would hurt, at least he would know now, before he had time to grow more attached, before he got any expectations that could be shattered. He tried to speak, voice rough from last night.

"Clay, what are we?"

George watched gears turn in the other's head. For once he didn't have an automatic answer, as if he was pondering it himself, trying to find physical words for the emotions he felt. He felt eyes surveying him, trying to read his thoughts but not quite knowing what they said. This was something he wasn't prepared for, something he was putting off answering for himself.

"George, I love you more than anything, you've made me feel things I didn't think I would ever be able to feel again. And I don't ever want this to stop, want us to stop. But I feel like if I label it, let

something official happen, everything will come crashing down, I'll lose you. It's my own dumb issues, but I can't let that get in the way, I do want that with you, I want you as mine, exclusively and forever."

He was nervous as if anticipating George to be angry, to snap at him, but that couldn't be further from how he felt.

"I want you as mine, exclusively and forever too, Clay."

He felt a sigh of relief from the other, felt himself being hugged tightly, as if it was the last minute they would have together, as if forever was coming to a close. Everything was perfect in that moment, they both felt it, never wanted it to end, and this time it never had to.

Chapter End Notes

We've reached the end. Thank you all so much for reading, and I hope you've enjoyed!

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